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EDITORIALS

A Call to Youth

Dale Barraclough, '46

Today in America there exists a wide lack of interest in current events. Perhaps it is not so widespread as it was after the last war, but it nevertheless exists. Here is a need for the young people of today. An interest in world affairs must be inculcated in today's youth, both to prevent the older generation from returning to isolationism and to accustom ourselves to internationalism. For most people an interest in world affairs needs to be cultivated, as do most good things in life. The best place and time for cultivation is in school, where the necessary guidance is available. A good many students keep up with world events in great and lesser degrees, but the majority of students in even nil degree. Of these some have no time; some have no interest. Under school auspices time could be provided, and the interest of the students would be aroused through their associations with those who are interested.

There are two ways to bring current events to school. One is as an elective subject once or twice a week. History classes usually have one period a week devoted to current events, but these would not be interfered with as there are many students not taking history. These latter students would have a chance to study and discuss history in the making, an entirely different thing. The other way, and to my mind, the best, is the formation of a club to meet once a week. This club would be run by pupils, thus sparing teachers extra work. There would be fewer restrictions in a club than in a class and more advantages. Work would be done because of interest rather than duty, and, consequently, more work accomplished. The presence of uninterested people could be avoided by awarding no credits for participation, or by restricting the membership. Besides serving to rid pupils of false ideas and prejudices by presenting them the facts, the club would also of necessity serve as a debating society, something the school

lacks. Debating produces quick-witted, more thoughtful pupils who, because of their training in discernment, are not easily deceived.

A club of this nature has value to the school, community, and nation. This is not a new idea but already has been and is being practiced in other schools and communities. In this way more and more students are tending to make foreign affairs a lifetime career, instead of a secondary one to occupy their time after they have made their "pile." There is a demand for trained men in foreign affairs. A weak public opinion breeds a strong president, or catastrophe. The presidency and the Congress of the United States were not formulated to act as the people of the United States, but for the people. With a strong public opinion there is no need of catastrophe, providing the opinion is sound. A public well versed in world affairs naturally holds worthy opinions. An interest in foreign affairs also breeds mature people with mature ideals.



We Want Bleachers!

Aurelie Langstroth, '46

Needham High School has about the best gridiron around here. Only one addition is needed to make it even better. That is the much-talked-about, but nothing-done-about, bleachers. Our patrons, many of them just football fans, not dotting parents, deserve something to sit on, as well as something to protect them from rambunctious youngsters,—and frogs. These patrons come to enjoy a well-played game—and do, but they could enjoy it much more if they could sit down without sitting on the usually damp ground and the aforesaid frogs. Of course, the grown-ups are not the only ones who would benefit by the addition of bleachers. We students could manage quite nicely with something but mud to sit on, and some place to sit where we would not be continually run over by little boys.

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As it is easily seen that these bleachers would be an asset, why hasn't more been done about them? Why should Needham, with its excellent field, continue to detract from patrons' complete enjoyment of that field by the lack of bleachers? There is no reason I can think of. Can you? I doubt it.

If we students talk about bleachers enough, our parents and friends will bring up the subject at town meeting and we shall eventually get them. After they are built, the townspeople will wonder how we ever did without them and then congratulate themselves for thinking of building them. But it does not matter who gets the credit for getting the idea just so long as we get the bleachers.

So, talk bleachers, kids!



Builders All

Miles Cate, '46

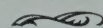
Everything we do, every thought we conceive is building our lives in some way. Building is a continuous process from the time we take our first step until we are laid away in our graves. Time ticks away and our constructive thoughts are building in our minds, enlarging our potential for good, and, if changed from thought to action, will lay one more stone in place upon the wall of our success. Destructive thoughts translated into action work against our success and lay poor stones in our wall. Whether good or bad motivates our action, the building goes on.

We sometimes believe falsely that we may neglect certain duties, neglect living to the best of our ability, and think that the action will not be recorded in our finished structure. Any good intention, no matter how small, contributes to the perfect whole. An extra word learned, a small piece of work or a friendly action leaves its mark upon the structure, making firmer the wall. No thought or action, whether good or bad, is too small or unimportant to affect the structure of our lives.

If we once have decided to build as perfect a structure as we are capable of building, we shall succeed if we are willing to pursue our goal with tireless effort. Nothing worthwhile was ever

gained without honest hard work. By doing the best in our every waking moment in everything we do we may be sure that we are laying the stones straight and that the finished structure will be a source of satisfaction and happiness.

Building is discouraging at times but brings its reward eventually, perhaps not in our own lives, but in the lives of those who follow us. We need not feel discouraged because we do not think our good efforts are appreciated. The satisfaction of doing one's best at all times gives an inner feeling of accomplishment that defies the world's judgment. Truly we are "Builders All"!



Teen-Age Drivers

Frances Morse, '46

Recently I read that next year the minimum age at which a person may obtain a license to operate a car may be changed to eighteen. At the present time the minimum age is sixteen.

Although I am only sixteen and have obtained my license, I believe that this change is an excellent idea and that such a law should be passed. Young people at the present time do not have a great sense of responsibility. Some are quite reckless when they drive, and have no regard for other people. They feel that everything they do is exactly right, and everyone else is wrong. I am not insinuating that all young people drive recklessly, because some make just as good drivers as do older people.

In addition to recklessness, another reason for raising the age is that during the period of reconversion, tires, gasoline, and cars are at a premium. Tires are apt to be worn smooth, and some cars are quite ancient, and need to be given the best of care. Some boys and girls, not realizing this, will, some day, drive at too great a speed on smooth tires, thus causing an accident. If they do not treat a car properly, it will soon wear out and deprive the family of transportation.

There are other reasons why the minimum age should be changed. These are just the principal ones. I hope that many of you will agree with me and will not try to oppose the law if it should be made in the future.



LITERARY

Latins Play Football Too

Herbert Nehrling, '46

Tim Henry sat in the athletic director's office at Tech University for the last time. He had just received his release as head coach of the "big red team" from an apologetic president. After all, Tim was an alumnus of Tech and his first team there had been undefeated. But the football world possesses a short memory, and Tech had not won a single game for two years. Outraged alumni were demanding a new coaching system. Tim crushed the release in his large bronzed hands and threw it to the floor with disgust. At forty he was washed up as a big time coach. He strode out the door, stooping his lean body a bit for safe clearance. Tim vowed to himself that a beaten man could get up from the canvas, and some day Tech would beg him to return.

Tim was feeling extremely despondent, and a telegram he received made him want to sink down and crawl under a snake's stomach. The wire was from Havana University, offering Tim the job as head football coach. Cuba, why he didn't even think they played football there! He was about to throw the wire away in disgust, when he thought about a vacation. He had not had a vacation in years, so why not accept one with all expenses paid.

Tim's first few weeks in Havana were one big whirl of social events and banquets. He could easily see that these friendly people expected wonders from their famous coach. It mattered little to them that he had not produced a winning team for two years. Tim had a few weeks before prac-

tice was to start, and he really made the most of them. He sunned, bathed, and slept, aided by numerous conveniences from the Cubans, including servants and a private car.

Tim was pleasantly surprised when he first viewed the university and its athletic facilities. Instead of an ancient, dingy college he found a beautiful modern university. There were big white buildings sparkling in the Cuban sunlight. The campus had huge green lawns, generously sprinkled with palm trees and striking flowering plants. But better still was the stadium. It was brand new, seating thirty thousand, with a bright green turf. Tim's office presented every modern convenience.

The first night of practice, Tim received an unexpected jolt. He saw a squad of about sixty little fellows, working out in bright green and yellow uniforms. "Can this be my squad?" he exclaimed. "Why, I've seen heavier grammar school teams. What are they doing in those fancy uniforms?" Calling the squad over, he announced himself as the new coach. The boys listened respectfully as he began to speak in halting Spanish. Tim's face turned scarlet and he sputtered furiously; the syllables seemed to stick in his throat. One lad volunteered, "We all speak English, Mr. Henry." Tim gladly threw aside "Spanish in Ten Easy Lessons" and discovered, to his surprise, that even the most uneducated Cubans speak English. Annoyed that the team was practicing in new uniforms, Tim barked at the manager, "Get these

kids some practice uniforms. This is a football team, not a side show."

The eager lad replied, "Oh, Mr. Henry, we already have them, but they think it looks better this way."

You can readily see that Tim had his work cut out for him. In the weeks that followed, he learned a lot about Cubans and Latin habits. At first, the sensitive Cubans took offense at Tim's harsh criticisms. In fact, they were outraged when Tim called workout for over an hour. They demanded long rest periods, and could even fall asleep in the strangest places. At first Tim, mule-like, balked these demands, but he soon discovered that he must come over to their way of thinking. The climate and habits of the people demanded certain concessions to the rugged U.S. game.

As far as playing ability goes, at first Tim thought it to be a complete loss. The Latin lads were not half big enough to absorb the punishment taken in an American game. However, he soon discovered that they had certain abilities. The Cubans were extremely tricky ball handlers and fast, clever open field runners. Tim built an offense around these aptitudes, and soon had the team functioning smoothly but in a Latin tempo.

Other Cuban and Central American teams were no match for Havana's well timed offense, and Tim had a chance to sit back and enjoy the antics of the Latin crowd. Not knowing too much about the game, the crowd cheered everything that happened and bookmakers circulated through the stands, imploring the customers to bet on every aspect of the game.

Everything was looking cozy, until the bombshell struck. Unknown to Tim, the faculty manager had scheduled a game with Tech. Now, at this time, Tech was undefeated and prancing merrily along toward championship honors. They had an open date, and figured that this "breather" game would be a good warm up for the rest of the schedule. Besides, a trip to Cuba would be good for the morale of the team. When Tim was informed of the game, he almost hit the roof. He realized that Havana was not in Tech's class. In fact, he took the game as a personal insult from Tech, because he thought that, not satisfied with

firing him, they were trying to make a monkey out of him too. However, never one to admit defeat, Tim set about preparing his team for the contest. He understood that, in spite of the circumstances, he would have two distinct advantages. Havana had not been scouted, and the Cubans would be wearing light-weight uniforms, while the Tech players would boil inside their heavy American garb.

The day of the game arrived and thirty thousand Cubans were waiting in the stands to get a first hand view of the best American football team. Nobody, even Tim, gave Havana a chance, but the boys on the team did not seem to realize that they were outclassed. They were just out for a good time, win or lose. The "big red" of Tech trotted out onto the field. Its rangy two hundred pounders dwarfed the tiny Cubans.

Havana won the toss and elected to receive. Taking the kick off on his own five, a Havana man reversed the ball to a teammate who raced up the middle of the field. Just as he was about to go down under a sea of red jerseys he lateraled the ball to the fullback, who dashed down the sidelines to score standing up. The kick was good, and Havana led seven to nothing. But the cocky Tech team roared back and tore the midget Cuban line to shreds, scoring in seven quick plays. It looked like another easy Tech victory, but after being smothered on the kick-off, Havana scored on three quick pass plays, all worked from a puzzling spread formation. From then on the game developed into a wild and woolly touchdown party. Tech could no more stop the speedy Cubans than the Cubans could stop the powerful Tech eleven. With a minute to play Tech led, thirty-six to thirty-two. It seemed that Tech had finally solved Tim's spread formation. But the climate was telling on the Tech team and the Cuban quarterback, sensing this, tried a daring scheme. It was fourth down, six yards to go on their own forty. Havana tried the "statue of liberty", a play as old as football itself. The dog-tired Technicians watched helplessly, as a swift Cuban grabbed the ball, darted around end, outraced the secondary, and cleverly side-stepped the safety man, racing the full sixty yards to pay dirt without a hand touching him.

The Cubans are a naturally excitable people, but on this day they went absolutely wild. During the jubilant locker-room celebration, after the game, Tim was approached by a representative of Tech. The university offered Tim his job back at a substantial increase in pay. A month before

Tim would have given his right arm for such a chance, but now he had learned to love the slow, sunny Cuban life. So, with a twinkle in his eye, Tim dismissed the gentleman lightly, with a curt, "Not on your life, bud. I'm happy here."

Ring Off

Louise Gartner, '47

One of the Teenage Bills of Rights is that the telephone was invented for, produced for, and paid for by our irritated fathers, expressly for our own use. This right, however, is not strictly adhered to by our parents.

Just as we have settled ourselves for conversation in our most comfortable position, which is usually hanging upside down on the stairs with our legs draped over the banister, we hear that dismal refrain, "Are you still on the phone? Well, for heaven's sake hang up. If your calls were about important business it would be different." Of course, it is useless to explain that the home assignment, and who Bud took to the movies the other night are as much your business as the current price of steel and the next lodge meeting are theirs.

Another thing I disapprove of is that on those rare occasions when I get a phone call father almost too considerately turns the radio down because, as he puts it, "It makes an awful racket when you're trying to hear." (I often wonder just whom the radio prevents from hearing, him or me!)

Frequently when conversing on the phone with one of my friends I have that "spied on" feeling. The first intimation of this comes when I hear a slow steady breathing at the same time that my friend is talking. The showdown comes when I accidentally let drop an opinion of an acquaintance. Immediately a volley of "Oh, what you said," and, "Wait 'til I tell her what you said," comes pouring through the instrument, which quivers with the blast like something possessed. When the fervor has subsided, I find out that the phantom voice is my friend's little brother—age eleven, who was listening on the upstairs exten-

sion. Thank heaven, we have no such modern convenience in our home.

The unkindest cut of all comes when another member of my family, usually my sister, answers my phone call and pages me with, "Hey, toots, it's a boy!" This method can prove very embarrassing because, almost without exception, dear sister has neglected to cover the mouthpiece before emitting her speech.

Remembering these trials and tribulations of a teenage telephoner, I have decided that when I have reached that age when all ambitions become possible (but rarely probable) I will install a sound proof phone booth, sufficiently large for a couch and complete with snack bar, in the home of any youth who demands privacy in his or her conversation.

But, by the time I reach that age I shall probably be yelling at my own children in the same parental manner. "Are you still on the phone? Well, for heaven's sake, hang up! If it were about business. . . ."



A Real Champion

Nancy Ardif, '46



The trees whizzed past Steve as he streaked down the long slope. In no time at all he had reached the bottom and stood looking back up Fletcher's Hill with his new friend, Freddy. It was quite a steep hill and the numerous trees and bushes made it necessary for skiers to do some fancy christies.

"Boy!" Steve remarked. "I wish Pete could have seen me that time!" But then he remembered. Skiing was all over for Pete. He wouldn't be able to ski any more. Nor would he want to watch anyone else, Steve thought discouragely.

"Who's Pete?" asked Freddy, surprised by the sudden change in Steve's facial expression.

"My brother," came the terse reply.

"Oh!" Freddy answered. "I didn't know you had a brother." Freddy had moved next door to the Gibsons two weeks before. However, in Winslow, Vermont, "next door" was anywhere from half a mile to a mile away and Steve and Freddy had not yet become very well acquainted.

"He was in the ski-paratroops but—" Steve didn't finish what he was saying. "We'd better start back," he said, changing the subject. "It'll be dark before we get there."

They turned their skis homeward and went on in silence for some time. It had been a strenuous day for the two eleven-year-old boys. Since ten o'clock that morning they had been skiing on Fletcher's Hill. They had heartily eaten the box

lunch Mrs. Gibson had put up for them, but now both boys were hungry again.

Before long they arrived at the place where each had to go in a different direction. As Steve went on alone, he couldn't help thinking of Pete. He remembered how he had worshipped his older brother and how, when their Dad had died three years ago, Pete had been like a father to him. He thought of all the skiing trips Pete had taken him on, and how he had tried to teach him to ski. Pete was a wonderful skier, but Steve had never seemed to take after him. Although Pete was always disappointed at his younger brother's unsuccessful attempts at skiing, he would always encourage him. Whenever Steve was ready to give up, Pete would say, "Come on, there, Champ. Try again. You can do it. Bend your knees a little more this time."

Then Pete had enlisted in the ski-troops. Steve remembered how lonely he had felt after Pete had gone away. He thought of all the times he had gone off by himself and practiced skiing. Now he was almost as good as Peter used to be. He hadn't told Pete. He was going to surprise him when he came home, but that dream had been shattered over a year ago, when the telegram arrived.

"We regret to inform you," it had said, "that your son has been seriously wounded in action—." Soon after the telegram, came the letter from the hospital in England.

"They took one foot, Mom,—about six inches above my ankle;" Pete had written, "but don't worry, I'm getting along swell."

"Pete was like that," thought Steve. "He always sees the bright side of everything."

Some time after that they had received a letter from a hospital in Atlantic City.

"I'll be coming home soon," Pete had said.

Steve was almost home now. His house was just beyond the next hill. He ascended the hill by the herring-bone method. He used to find it quite difficult, but now he was pretty good at it. As he approached the brow of the hill he saw another

skier watching him. Steve regarded him closely. Could it be—? No, it couldn't possibly be—! But it was! It was Pete—Pete, whom Steve had never expected to see on skis again! Steve was rendered completely motionless and speechless. He stared at Pete, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Pete stood there grinning at him.

"Well, Champ," he said, "aren't you glad to see me?"

"Sure, Pete, sure," Steve stammered, "but I—I thought—."

Pete supplied the words for him. "You thought I'd never be able to ski again, didn't you, Stevie?" he said gravely, "But I'm all right. I have a new foot, see? And I can still beat you too," he added jovially. "Mom has some fried chicken waiting for us at home. Bet I get there before you." And with that, he was gone.

"Bet you don't," called Steve, coming out of his trance. And he started after him.

"Don't forget to bend your knees," he yelled to Pete, as he caught up with him.



A Country Store

Maureen Mason, '46

To us who live in cities or suburban towns it may seem strange that people living in the country are able to get along with only that which they can buy at their country store. Nevertheless they are able to find a fulfillment of all their needs, for they have not known the extravagant ways of living in the cities and are accustomed to buying only necessary articles.

Such a country store is to be found in a small Maine town where I visit in the summer. It is situated at the top of a hill and commands a view of the three roads meeting in front. In spite of its appearance of small capacity, the store contains a remarkable quantity of goods, ranging from groceries, fishing equipment, dungarees, boots, and pipes to post cards. Whatever one needs can be found in the conglomeration of articles filling the store, even though it may take a week or two to locate it. Then, too, it may be found in the barn, the storage place for surplus stock. The barn contains enough adventure to keep a dozen children busy for one day. To make one's way through the merchandise is one adventure, but to inspect, sample, or try on those articles is still another. In the dark corners swallowed up by the tiers of idle stock can be found 1917 vintage shoes with pointed toes, fire crackers, scales, yards of chain, and funeral wreaths. Aside from serving as a store, the main section also contains the post office, gasoline station and fire station, the latter sporting a modern 1929 model fire engine run by the store owner.

The proprietors of all country stores seem to have much in common. They have a huge capacity for knowing everyone and everything which goes on in the town. "Charlie" is no exception. He never forgets a customer, and it has often seemed to me that his mind must be constructed in a manner similar to his store. To complain to him of having to wait an hour or so for groceries is useless. He was overheard to say to one of his customers, a summer visitor not used to the ways of the store, "Wal . . . , th' most an'one hed t'wait was three hours, s'far as I know." An atmosphere of good nature and trustfulness seems to prevail. If one wants any fruit or vegetables, or fish net in the barn, one has to wait on himself, unless by some strange mishap he catches one of the children or grandchildren who assist.

But "Charlie" has competition, not in the sale of goods but in story telling. His store seems to be a gathering place for old sea-farers who sit around spinning yarns and whittling lobster pegs. Their trade comes at mail time when "Charlie's" customers listen for want of further amusement while waiting for the mail to be sorted. The twang, more than the stories, draws an audience and more than once has drawn customers to the store.

However small such a store may appear from the outside, it can never give a suggestion as to the inner contents or completeness of stock. As for "Charlie's" store, it is probable that he can furnish all the wants of his customers whether with merchandise, mail, or amusement.

On Mountains and Streams

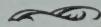
Charles Lovejoy, '46

The mountains and their streams hold for all a charm and freedom found nowhere else. There is where all young adventurous people should go. There is the last of primitive influence. Just two weeks out of every year in that region is all one needs to stimulate memories and dreams on cold winter nights for the rest of his life. There is so much that no man has yet explored it all. There, you are master over yourself and for a while you give all the orders. If you meet with a threatening creature, you and you alone figure the strategy to be used in evading it. There, life is slowed down to nature's speed and a man is a man.

Some artistic minds seek the world over for unique spots of beauty while the best of it lies undiscovered in their own back yards. The mountains in autumn hold the unsurpassed record for natural beauty. Cascades of singing water bordered by the red and the gold of the frost bitten leaves; the majestic pine of the timberline silhouetted against the sunset; and the overall view from the summit of the world painted in orange and yellow bordered by a cobalt blue, are a few of the charms the mountains offer.

The streams flow through the mountain valleys. There is one in particular in my mind. They call it the Mad River. It runs down from the White Mountains in the spring, a raging, blinded torrent of silvery spears which dashes all in its path to a mangled destruction. To look upon it makes you realize how small you are and how large the world is. Later in the year when all the snow has melted and left the mountains, the Mad River calms down to a respectable stream and flows in rivulets through the valley. At this time one is apt to see a doe and perhaps a fawn or two cautiously drink from that calmed madman's hand. I have even seen a squirrel swim from bank to bank, a rare sight on any stream. But a hard rain will soon enrage the river enough to influence the wild folk to step lively in getting out of the way.

Throughout the year the mountains tower above all. Those fortunate enough to gain the summit are given the only gift of its kind that nature has to offer—the view, from a boxseat in the theater of the world.



Winter Evenings

Miles Cate, '46

Quietly falling snowflakes,
The darkness of night,
Silent lights burning,
The brooding of lonely hearts,
Gently playing music,
Warm hearths, warm hearts,
Friendly cups of cheer,
The gentle purr of kitten,
The curious sniff of puppy,
Pleasant talk and peaceful silence,
Long nights of restful sleep—
These are the beauties of winter.



Negroes

Deirdre Gunnison, '47

Faces of chocolate, rich and brown,
Why on these do we look down
And keep in servile state?

Voices of tenderness, deep and strong,
Faith in God expressed by song
And prayers for kinder fate.

Features of centuries, moulded, good,
Docile eyes—how quickly could
They turn and brim with hate.



Youth Never Weeps

Lorraine Thomas, '46



Past all the glamour of New York, seemingly lost in its peaceful, hidden spot, stands the Augustinian Monastery. Surrounded by supercilious edifices, this alone stands as a monument to God, the adobe of Nature, herself. Here, on a tree-rimmed summit, gazing over the rippling waters of the Hudson to the steep palisades of Jersey, is a haven to many a man who wishes to spend his life in communion with all things beautiful.

Father Houser, a young American priest of German ancestry, loved the monastery, his parish, his people. But most of all he loved the boys. Although born close to this verdant paradise, many of them were ragged underfed little baggages of mischievousness. He tried to make life a little more pleasant for them. And so he told them stories, touching tales of Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey, of the great Lou Gehrig, of Di Maggio, Durocher, and Ott, of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen and of near-by Fordham's Frank Cavanaugh. He spoke in what the boys called his "man-to-man" tone, and he wanted only to be known as a "regular guy."

Among the many poorer people in the parish, Father Houser was drawn to one German family, whose eleven growing children crept into his heart. Georgie and Chubby Stengle were his most ardent admirers, worshipping him with their clear,

blue eyes. They came to him after a day of house-cleaning, baby-minding, and store-running, but always their toothless grins were cheery slits beneath their blonde hair.

It was, as Chubby described it, "an ole Joe scorcher," that day in June. The young priest decided to take the boys down to the waterfront, where, unseen by public eye, they might plunge into the deep.

The boys, stripping themselves of their grimy clothes while Father Houser carefully folded his cassock, climbed a slimy rock which stood at the water's edge.

Chubby, a poor swimmer, sighed as he watched both priest and younger brother dive from the rock, cutting the water keenly.

"Ah, gee whiz," he pouted, as he stepped gingerly into the water. "Everybody can swim but me. Someday—someday I'm gonna swim jus' like Tarzan, and then they'll be sorry."

They splashed about in the swirling waters, waved to passing sailboats, ducked one another. As the sun turned from a brilliant orange to a dull red, and began to sink behind the cliffs of Jersey's shore, Father Houser called, "That's enough, boys. It's time to go."

"Ah, gee whiz, Father Jim," Chubby shouted, water dripping from his eyes, "just a few more minutes. Jus' let me see you dive once more."

Laughingly, Father Houser consented to "just one more dive," and climbing the rock with the boys at his heels, executed a perfect swan-dive. Georgie, water-baby that he was, followed suit, leaving Chubby alone on the slimy rock. Not to be outdone by his younger brother, he hauled himself to a straight position and flung himself from the rock.

In mid-air he seemed convulsed by cramps, and hit the shallow, rock-filled water—hit flat. A piercing cry of pain rang through the air as Chubby's knee began spouting blood. Seemingly dazed, he began to float outward.

The Hendrick Hudson bridge, rising in a majesty of shining steel over the swirling mass of the river, had reigned over many a similar scene. Even now, it looked down upon a near-tragedy. Managing to pull Chubby's dazed form to safety, Father Houser wrapped the bruised knee with his white shirt. Supporting the fat boy between them,

pale Georgie and Father Houser carried him home to the arms of his worried mother.

Never again will Chubby walk without a limp, and were you to ask him if he was sorry, he would only reply, "Ah, gee whiz, no. I was almost as good as Father Jim that day."



Mac's Revenge

Robert A. Smith, P.G.

He was a small man in his early forties, not outstanding, but the type to get ahead in whatever he did. His name was McGinnis, called Mac, by everybody who knew him, and he was foreman of a rough and ready road crew.

It was a hot summer day, and the men were out in the sun grading a new road. This road was to be done by the end of August, and the crew to complete its section first was to receive a thousand dollar bonus. To Mac's crew it would mean a hundred dollars each.

"Hey, Mac! Where's the water?" yelled Happy, a nice looking fellow around twenty, but as tough as they come.

"The kid's gone to get it," answered Mac.

The kid, or Junior, as he was called, was a very different type from Happy. He was fat and not too ambitious, but the kind who could take care of himself.

There were seven other men in the crew: Jim Brown, a powerful but ignorant laborer, who thought he knew everything, and six other men not especially noticeable.

To get back to the story, a hundred dollars looked pretty good to the crew.

"Hey, Junior, bring that water over here; it's darn hot spreading this gravel," yelled Jim as the kid came into sight.

"O.K., O.K.," answered the kid as he ambled over and put down the water. He then went over to Mac and asked, "How come that you're leaving the tool box wide open, Mac?"

"You're crazy, kid," said Mac. "I remember locking it after you took your tools out this morning."

"Well, maybe so, but it's wide open now. I happened to notice it as I came up the hill."

"O.K. You guys keep busy while I go over and take a look at it," said Mac, as he began walking in the direction of the tool box.

Mac was worried, and he had reason to be, because when tools were gone there would be a slowing up of work, which meant no bonus.

"Say, you guys, come here for a minute."

They all came over, and Mac began talking.

"Now we've got some trouble ahead of us. I think that it's one of the other section gangs, or else some guy is clipping the tools to make money for himself. Whatever it is we've got to stop it and stop it fast."

"How can we do that?" someone asked.

"When you guys are around town keep your mouths shut, and your eyes and ears open and see what you can find out."

The day passed, and the next morning, when the men reported to work none of the trucks would start. It was finally discovered that the rotors from the distributors were gone.

That delayed the work for a couple more hours. This sort of incident kept happening off and on for a couple of weeks, and then one night Happy heard a fellow in a barroom bragging how his gang was going to win the bonus. Happy got to talking to him and bought him a few drinks, and he also got all the dope he could from him which was plenty. He then grabbed Jim who was half drunk and said to him, "Come on, Jim, we haven't finished work yet today."

"What are you talking about?" Jim asked. "Sit down, and have a drink. I'm not going anywhere."

"Shut up, and come on, or I will have to carry you out," answered Happy.

When, Jim saw that Happy meant business, he got up and followed him back to camp where they found the rest of the crew sitting around.

Happy told them the story he had heard from the member of the other gang, and almost immediately the camp was in an uproar.

Mac began giving orders.

"Come on, men, into the trucks." Within two minutes they were rolling toward the job.

They parked the trucks on a side road, hopped out, and hurried up over the embankment to the newly made road. They didn't get there any too soon, for in about fifteen minutes they heard ten or twelve men, coming up the road.

"All right, boys, get ready," whispered Mac.

Armed with clubs, they crouched down waiting for revenge. Happy even had a pair of brass

knuckles with him. Then in a body they leaped. The fight only lasted for about five minutes, but those five minutes were the quickest moving and most revengeful that ever happened around these parts. Even though outnumbered, Mac's men by far got the best of the scrap.

It was a forlorn looking bunch of men that rode up to the sheriff's office that night, and they looked more forlorn when they were fined and ordered out of town.

However, it was far from a forlorn looking crew that left town after the job was finished, with one hundred dollars extra in their pockets.

As Happy put it, when telling about it later, "I guess it was a good investment for me to spend a couple of bucks on drinks for that guy, who didn't have sense enough to stay sober, or know enough to keep his mouth shut."



The Fine Points of Chess

Nelson Lowe, '47

The credit for the invention of chess goes to the inhabitants of ancient India. Apparently they had a lot of time on their hands, for chess is the slowest-moving game in existence.

To begin the game, each of the two players is given sixteen chessmen, a king, a queen, two bishops, two knights, two castles, and eight pawns. Hence, the alert reasoner, if the game was foreign to him, might suppose it to be about royalty, the church, the days of chivalry, and perhaps the well-known shop which displays three golden balls. The chessmen are moved about in extremely confusing patterns for from three to thirty hours. Then, without any warning, someone screams "Checkmate!" or "Stalemate!", and the game is over.

The most important piece is the king, who is never actually killed, no matter how many other chessmen are. When he is in a position to be killed without warning (in check), and cannot move without staying in check, the game is won by the other side. This is a checkmate. (What follows may be slightly confusing unless you read it carefully.) When the king is not in check and

none of the other pieces on his side can move, and he cannot move from where he is to an adjacent square without getting in check, the game is a stalemate and nobody wins! The sixteen pawns resemble German and Japanese soldiers. When the game begins they go forward in spite of terrible casualties. They never retreat. The few, if any, who reach the other side of the board immediately commit suicide. Foolish, isn't it?

If I had my way, I would make the following drastic changes in the game.

1. I would abolish the useless pawns and the immortal king, thereby shortening the game.

2. Since the knights have the power to fly over the other pieces, I would give them wings and call them P-38's, thereby simplifying the game.

3. I would limit all pieces to moves of one square at a time, reduce the castles to sheds, the queens to princesses, and the bishops to deacons, thereby simplifying the game.

The resulting game would be so easy to play, that it would replace dominos as the National Pastime.

Hot Dog

Natalie Chambers, '48



One morning last August, a friend of mine called me outside to see something very exciting. I ran out of the house as fast as I could, but stopped short when I saw Ginny pulling a flea-bitten, mangy, sad-eyed Irish terrier.

Between my gales of laughter I managed to gasp, "Virginia! Where did you get that!"

"What's so funny?" she retorted. "I think it's awful. Someone gave it to Daddy last night. Her name is Peggy."

"Peggy! Oh, Gin, it can't be! How old is the thing anyway?" I was rolling on the ground with merriment by this time.

"She's eight years old," said Gin. "I've got to take her for a walk and I just won't be seen with her. I thought maybe you could take her. Will you? She's very friendly, especially to burglars, and she hasn't barked since we got her."

Anyone that knows me, also knows that I do practically anything. That is, anything within reason. Anyway, I ended up walking with Peggy.

I decided to take her up town by way of the baseball field. It took Peggy about three minutes to get from one step to another. Finally the field came into view.

There was a game going on, but that didn't stop Peggy. For the first and only time, she ran—ran into the field and sat down in front of second base. I pulled at her leash but nothing happened. I just couldn't move that dog.

My face was burning with embarrassment, as the game had broken up and the teams were patting Peggy. I could hear the umpire cursing me; so, in sheer desperation, I asked the pitcher to move Peggy. He took the leash and started to walk away, when, to my amazement, Peggy followed.

I, now, meekly followed Peggy. A great respect was born in me for that dog. No baseball team ever patted me on the head for breaking up a game. I couldn't even break up a game.

We were approaching the center of Needham. I walked with my head down so no one would recognize me. I completed my mission, and Peggy and I were about to start our homeward journey, when I heard a feminine voice call my name. "Oh, Natalie!" called the voice. I didn't look up. "Is that your dog?"

"No!" I growled. Peggy growled too, so I was saved from any further conversation. At last I reached home and turned Peggy over to Gin. I was just an hour and forty-seven minutes late for lunch.

As my success in walking Peggy was not very great, I spent the afternoon in bed to recuperate. I was just about to fall asleep when the telephone rang. I answered the phone and heard Gin's voice saying, "Hello, Nat? Would you take Peggy for another walk this afternoon?"

She never received an answer. I had hung up.



Gum • Chewing

Marion Young, '48

There are many various ways and methods of chewing gum, all of which one meets and knows in gym, classes, and studies.

The most delightful to watch is the one which starts by popping the gum into the mouth, which is so wide open it looks like a cave with white candles along the sides. As one looks, fascinated, the powerful jaws slowly move together, crunching at least four sticks of gum as easily as a sharp knife cuts bread.

The people who masticate with the speed and power of a motor and, at the same time, keep up a steady stream of talk, bewilder me completely. They simply can't have any time for breathing, so how do they talk on and on for hours?

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And then, of course, there are the furtive types, who feel sure that no one can possibly detect them when they hide their faces behind a book, notwithstanding the fact that the sounds and convulsive jerks of the head do attract a little attention.

It's not that I'm against gum-fiends because of their expressions, sounds, or the garbled sentences. It's merely that no one ever offers me any of my favorite peppermint-flavored gum!



Feeding Time at the Zoo

Sheldon Thorpe, '48

Lunch periods in senior high school are an experience one seldom forgets. All those who have had previous experience with this lunch room usually develop an "every man for himself" attitude. The few that don't fend for themselves in such a manner will be at the end of the line and without a chair every time.

Watch an "old-timer" towards the end of the period preceding lunch. You'll see a gleam come in his eye as he sits on the edge of his chair and puts his books where he can grab them quickly. The bell rings—he's off. Out the door he goes and down the stairs in four jumps. He weaves in and out of the crowd running in a half crouched position. As he approaches the corridor that leads to

the outside door he turns slightly, drops his books near the wall, and without changing pace he continues on to his goal—the lunch line.

In this process chivalry disappears. Get there first regardless of any consequences is the one idea of all.

Now comes the actual eating. The sandwiches or tray with milk, ice cream, etc., are slammed down on a table. The person seats himself and devours his meal in about three bites. Gathering up his debris, he disposes of it and then goes out doors.

The average time consumed in eating occupies about two minutes and he certainly doesn't spend more than five minutes at the table. Now, this complicated process has been completed for the day.

My only recommendation would be that someone in Needham go into the "Tums for the Tummy" business. I feel sure that a large percentage of his trade would come from Needham High School.



My Dream

Edward Keefe, '48

Some days while I'm walking,

I look up to the sky,

And often people ask me,

Just the reason why.

I turn to them and tell them,

A story true and sane,

About a hero pilot,

And his beloved plane.

A pilot who has flown for years,

In both the east and west;

A pilot who has now been picked,

As probably the best;

A pilot who has never asked,

For any kind of credit;

For when he shoots down enemies,

He likes to just forget it.

So now when people ask me,

Why I look toward the sky,

I just turn around and say to them,

It's cause I want to fly.

Ernie Pyle's War

David Thomas, '46

Ernie Pyle was a shy, worried, little man who became World War II's most popular reporter. Ernie was just an average man, and he shared the same dreams and hopes as the common soldier he wrote about. John Steinbeck explained it very well. He said, "There are really two wars. There is the war of maps and logistics, of campaigns, divisions and regiments—and that is General Marshall's war. Then there is the war of home-sick, weary, funny, violent, common men who wash their socks in their helmets, complain about the food, whistle at girls, and lug themselves through as dirty a business as the world has ever seen and do it with humor and dignity and courage—and that is Ernie Pyle's war."

One quality of Ernie that made him so well liked is that he forced himself to view and take part in the horrors of war, when all his life he had despised and feared any type of bloodshed. Ernie wasn't cut out to be a hero. He was small and skinny and was perpetually sick, or worrying that he was about to be. His articles were written so that mothers wanted to give him advice, older men respected him, and the infantry men looked up to him as a champion who really understood what they were going through.

He started with the doughboys in Tunisia and worked his way with them up through Italy, France, and Germany. There were times when he thought he could not go on, but after a brief rest he always came back for more. He wrote to his wife: "I've been part of the misery and tragedy of this war for so long that I've come to feel a responsibility to it. I don't know quite how to put it into words, but I feel if I left, it would be like a soldier deserting."

After the defeat of Germany he came home for a rest, but that same strange longing came over him, and he went into the Pacific to carry on his work. A few weeks later he was killed on a small island off Okinawa. He lived and died like a common soldier. Let us hope that America will remember well the name of Ernie Pyle, for he was one of the greatest heroes of this war.

The Violin

Miles Cate, '46

From wood that's known the wind of ages,
Grown sweet by nature's sun and rain,
From tall, green sentinels of the forest,
Quite free of all life's endless pain—

Summer winds caressed thy boughs,
And fluttered in thy clinging leaves;
The sun has warmed thy hard, thick bark,
And hardened every grain of thine.

The autumn reds and fresh, cool winds,
Have come and formed thy flaming color,
And toughened thy hard bark again,
To make thee hardy, strong and straight.

The winter comes with snow and sleet,
Which strikes and coats thine every limb,
And mounts around thy hardy trunk,
Then leaves thee garbed with clothes of white.

Sweet spring comes now with sun-lit days,
And melts the winter's icy coat;
The beauty and fragrance of the flowers,
The busy hum of bumblebees—

Thy tones reflect the every season,
The passing of each sun-lit day,
Of days with storms and winter weather—
All these are within thy power to say.



War

Alan Remington, '47

War, why must you be like a flood?
Why must you rise and spread, empower and
overpower,
Spill over the barriers we have erected against you,
Sweep over the countryside and devastate
And destroy us—we that are helpless in
Your grasp, weaklings at the thought of you?
Why, War, why?



Tracking a Killer

Thomas Crossman, '46

It was a cold, damp morning in late November. The sun had just risen only to be obliterated by a gruesome, gray sky. The only signs of life were two hunters and a dog slowly winding their way across a barren field toward Silver Swamp. The hound was about forty yards out in front of the men when suddenly his nose came up from the ground to let out a long mournful howl.

"Well, it looks as if Old Joe is warmin' him up," said Sam.

"Bout time. We been trailin' that darn fox for 'most five hours," came back his sullen companion, Cy.

"Now, don't take it out on the dog. He's just as cold and tired as you are. I'd take him home, but I promised Mr. Morgan we'd get that chicken killer tonight," retorted Sam.

"I know, but it sure is awful discouragin'."

"Look! Old Joe is headin' for that dump of pines. Boy! it sure'll be a break if that fox has laid down to eat the chicken and has went to sleep," said Sam.

Old Joe had begun to quicken his pace, baying every few yards. Straight into the clump of pines he went. Suddenly the air was filled with Joe's barking. The howls were so close together that it seemed as if he were starting the second howl before the first was even out. When a dog howls in that fashion, it usually means that he has jumped the fox or is very close behind him. In this case, the fox was resting when the dog surprised him.

"It kinda looks like a good day's hunt, don't it, Sam?" said Cy, dryly.

"Sure does," came back Sam.

"Might as well wait here until Joe brings him back, huh, Sam?" suggested Cy.

"Yeah, there ain't much use of follerin' them in that swamp. It's too durn thick to keep 'em even in hearin' distance," agreed Sam.

"I sure will be glad to have—Say, it sounds like Joe lost the scent—No, there, he's got it again. That fox sure is one tricky creature.—Now, what

was I sayin'? Oh, yeah, I sure will be glad to have that pesky fox dead, and I 'magine 'most everybody 'round these parts will agree with me," said Cy.

"I, for one, will. Sounds like the fox is leadin' Joe around by the mill pond and down by Bear Camp Creek. 'Most always that fox will lose a dog when he swings down that way and back through Jones's lower pasture, but I think Old Joe will keep with 'im, especially with such a hot trail to follow," mused Sam, half to himself.

"Yeah," agreed Cy. "But they're pretty near out of hearin'."

The hunt soon went completely out of hearing, which situation did not in the least bother these two old hunters. They had faith in their big, fast, long-eared, blue-tich hound. They knew that as long as there was any trail to follow, Old Joe would keep right on it.

An hour passed. The men sat on an old log swapping stories of past hunts. The subject soon shifted back to the present hunt when Sam remarked, "I figure it's nigh on to ten years that this fox has been raidin' chicken coops and gettin' away with it. I s'pose if anyone took time to reckon up the number of hens that he has stole it would be well up into the hundreds, don't you, Cy?"

"Well, it might be, but don't forget, there's other foxes that has been doin' the same thing. O'course, this here one is about the cleverest and slyest I ever seed," retorted Cy.

"Listen, ain't that Joe driven' the fox up from behind?—Sure 'tis—Where d'ya think he'll cross, Cy?" queried Sam. "Near the gully or by the old pine?"



"I wouldn't be surprised to see him come out near the pine. That's usually a pretty good crossin'," said Cy, after a brief period of cogitation.

The hunt was getting closer now, and the hunters took their place on opposite sides of the field. Joe could be heard, still hot on the trail, following every trick the fox could offer. It became more and more evident that the fox was tiring. No longer was he trying to put distance between himself and his pursuer but rather to shake off the hound by means of the many tricks which he knew. By wading brooks, climbing windfalls, doubling back, running in circles, he tried vainly to shake Old Joe. Once again as the fox straight-

ened out and headed for the field, the hunters were alert. The fox came out by the old pine and headed right for Sam. As soon as he was in range, Sam let go with his right barrel. The fox turned a complete somersault and got up only to meet Sam's left barrel.

The fox lay as still in death as he had been active in life. His muzzle was gray with age, and three toes of his left forepaw were missing, in grim evidence of only one of his many escapes. This killer was really a beautiful creature to look at. Exceptionally dark in color with a large magnificent tail, he was in perfect coat.

Old Joe came up, sniffed, howled once more, then turned away in triumph. The hunt was over.



Oh, That Chop!

Charles R. Jacobson, '46

Most people have eaten chops of one type or another during their life unless they are confirmed vegetarians, and to the latter class I am not directing this masterpiece. We meat-eaters mostly love chops whether they are lamb or pork, but there are times when we wish we were vegetarians. That is when we get one of those delicious, appetizing, and tasty morsels of sustenance set before us in the presence of company or the critical eye of the general public. We love chops and we are exceptionally elated at the thought of eating them until one is majestically situated before us.

First, we politely take up our fork and by the gentle use of pressure secure it in place so that we may wield the knife with the other hand. Oops! That wasn't meat but bone, and that appetizing morsel would have to slide out of our grasp. Of course someone had to be the first to soil the tablecloth. The whole chop didn't run aground, however, only the long end, and by reaching around the edge of our plate with our fork we cautiously inch it back on again.

This time we hit the correct spot with the fork and attempt to carve it delicately, but it is not as easy as it looks. Most chops (at least the ones I eat) always seem to be exceptionally slippery. Oh, there goes a pea overboard! Ooops, and now a piece of potato! Why does it have to be so well greased? To make ourselves feel easier we'll blame it on the knife. Look at the way everybody is scrutinizing us! You'd think we could help it! We just hope we don't hurt anyone's feelings by making the meat look tough; but maybe it is; we still haven't had a taste of it yet.

Finally with one big swish, in which we lose half of the rest of our dinner, we liberate the portion, to the disgusted looks of half a dozen surrounding faces. Now, how can we ever eat it after all that? We'll just have to excuse ourself and either go far away and turn hermit or become a profound vegetarian. Thus, in my opinion, chops are to be eaten in private where we may eat them as we please and enjoy them to the fullest extent.



The True Founding of America

Alan Remington, '47



Cristoforo Colombo was born. Of that I am sure. Of the rest I am not. Chris' boyhood was not much different from a boy's of today. He was excellent in school and sports. In sports he was especially good at a game that today we call "Drop the Handkerchief". This was very helpful to him as you will see later. At the age of eleven he took an intense liking to water—in all forms. For example, on a Saturday night when Chris' father, Domenico, went up to take his bath, he found that Chris had been in before him and there was no water left. For this Chris traveled the beaten path to the woodshed. But his addiction to water could not be overcome, so little Chris packed his little trunk and ran away to sea.

At this time there was a popular belief that the earth was square. But Chris, not wanting to be

ruled by the mob, decided that it was round instead. Poor Chris had gone 'round so much in his favorite sport "Drop the Handkerchief" that the idea of roundness was firmly fixed in his mind. So Chris decided to put the "bite" on the Spanish rulers, Ferdinand and Isabella, to finance a voyage to prove his theory. The monarchs consented, thinking that Chris might stumble across some new lands on his way around.

Well, before the "little men in the white coats" could catch him, Chris set out. He sailed and sailed, and still he sailed. He looked through his telescope and squinted, then looked through his good eye and squinted, but to no avail. The crew became more and more "fed up" with Chris. Finally they mutinied. Poor Chris had to run the ship all by himself. He had to raise and lower the sail, guide the ship, cook and serve the meals, and forty-seven other things. Chris was beginning to wish now that he had left some water on Saturday nights.

But one day, Chris, who was nonchalantly running about the ship performing his various tasks, felt a slight jar and he looked up. Lo and behold, they had run aground! Chris let out a war-whoop, leaped to the shore, and kissed the ground. The crew, hearing Chris' yells, came running. As one man they saw the land and spit out the shoe leather that they had been chewing. Well, Chris never before or after had such a time as he had in the next few minutes. Everyone crowded around, shook his hand, and slapped him on the back. Chris finally quieted everyone down, said that he knew there was land here all the time, and proceeded to pass out cigars.

Such was the true founding of America by Chris Colombo. By coincidence the day we set aside as Columbus Day is also the day on which Needham plays Dedham in football.



Preview of the Future in Dreamland

John Buckley, '46

It was an old belief that in order to see into the future, one had to be a medium or a witch. In this essay it is my point to show that normal people, yes, I said normal people, often have semi-prophetic dreams. That is to say, every average person by recording his dreams can see and foretell with a high degree of accuracy future train wrecks, automobile accidents, football scores, and deaths of friends he has not seen or heard from in years.

I have made, in the introductory paragraph, many extraordinary statements about time. I have no doubt that many of you readers think me a second Gertie Stein. On the contrary, I have the backing of many famous scientists who have tried out the theories set forth to you, and found them miraculously true.

The methods of recording dreams is quite simple. Each night when you retire, place a notebook and pencil on a table beside your bed. At first you will be able to remember very little, if anything, of your dreams. Before you even open your eyes in the morning, start to think about what you

were dreaming, or, if you can't remember what you were dreaming about, try to remember what you were thinking about just before you awoke. This almost invariably brings back the dream. At the end of a week's time you will be able to recall two or three whole dreams. You must always record these dreams, for, however sure you are you will not forget them, by the time you have finished shaving you will have forgotten every trace of them.

As you go through each day you will begin to notice that bits of conversation that you dreamed appear in real life. Occasionally you will record a train wreck or some similar catastrophe. Usually it will be a past catastrophe that you have recorded, but it might well be a wreck in the future.

You see, time is like a stream and humanity is a boat floating down the stream, glimpsing the future as well as the past. Now dear reader, that you understand how and why you may see the future, take up your notebooks and pencils, record your dreams, and get a preview of coming attractions in dreamland.



Aftermath

Muriel Eastman, '47

The old priest sat and watched them come
To kneel, and plead, and pray
At the War Shrine, for their loved ones;
Some dead—some far away.

He saw a girl with empty eyes
Her ringed left hand clenched tight
He watched her bow her head; then rise
Proudly—knowing *he* had died for Right.

He saw a child; a man; a nun.
He saw a pageant unsurpassed
For momentary humbleness,
And deep repentance that would last.

Love

Ann Dunphy, '47

The love of a family toward one another is like the
oak, strong and loyal,

The love of men to their country is the evergreen,
firm and majestic,

The love of a man and a woman is like a birch or
poplar.

The fruit tree symbolizes the love man has for his
home.

But weld these woods together into a church
And you have the greatest love of all
The love of creature for creator.



The Suspect

Gloria Ricciardelli, '46

Everyone has heard of that famous place called Brooklyn, New York, with its familiar scenes and noises. Tall, dilapidated houses line the narrow streets. Sounds of children playing, people selling fruits and vegetables, men shouting for rags, and women talking from windows are heard.

Upstairs in one small flat, a little woman of fifty-five was preparing supper for her two children. She had grey hair and tired brown eyes. As she heard someone running up the stairs, she looked up from her work. Then the door slammed.

"Is that you, Johnny?"

"Yes, mom," answered a lanky boy of seventeen. "I sold all my papers this noon and made seventy-eight cents!"

"That's wonderful, Johnny," said Mrs. Kelley. Then she added, "Marge will be home from work at five-thirty, so get washed for supper."

"Mom."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Why don't you let me get a real job after school? I don't see why you and Marge should foot all the bills so I can go to night school after I graduate. Besides since Dad died it's—"

"Listen, Johnny," interrupted his mother. "You know I want you to do as much studying as you can. Selling papers after school gives you enough for spending money so I don't want to hear any more about it."

Just then Marge came in. She was small like her mother, with short brown curly hair, brown eyes, and pale skin. They all sat down to supper and nothing more was said.

Johnny kept selling his papers to please his mother. After a few weeks passed Mrs. Kelley noticed that Johnny had been coming home later than usual.

When he came in one night she asked, "Where have you been all this time, Johnny? It never took you this long to sell your papers before. Why, it is after seven-thirty now."

"Well—" Johnny hesitated a moment, "It's just harder to sell my papers, that's all."

A month passed and one day Johnny's mother

noticed some grease on his jacket. She was going to ask him about it but then decided not to. After all she figured "boys will be boys" and they can't stay clean all the time.

Then one morning after Marge and Johnny left, Mrs. Kelley sat down to eat her breakfast while many thoughts ran through her mind. "I can't imagine why everything worries me. It seems as though Johnny is more tired and impatient the past two months. He's always jumpy and acts as though something is on his mind. But he is more thoughtful. Last week he bought some food and the other night he bought some odds and ends for the kitchen. But where does he get the money? He certainly can't buy all those things with the little money he makes selling papers. I'll ask him when he comes in," she decided and absent-mindedly thumbed through the morning paper. One article caught her eyes and her heart leaped. "Local Boys Rob Garage." She read further and found out that a week before at seven-thirty five boys stole six hundred dollars. A few suspects were to be rounded up today.

Why was she so nervous? Did this explain the grease on Johnny's jacket? Oh, how foolish she was to worry like this. Johnny could always be trusted. He certainly wasn't involved in this.

"I had better start cleaning," she told herself, and then went into Johnny's room. She opened the bureau drawer to put his socks away and something struck her hand. What was it? She pulled out a small paper bag and opened it. There she found some money. Counting it, she discovered that there were one hundred and fifteen dollars. Johnny was in that hold up. What should she do? Her first impulse was to burn it, but then she decided to wait till he came home.

All day she was very nervous, her fingers were all thumbs, and the minutes passed like hours. Marge came home and soon it was eight o'clock. Still Johnny didn't come home.

Finally there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Kelly opened it and a policeman stood there.

He said, "Are you Mrs. Kelley?"

"Yes, I am."

"Your son is at headquarters on suspicion of the garage robbery. Do you want to see him?"

"Of course," she said excitedly. "Wait till I get my coat."

As soon as she entered the police station, a man came up to her and asked, "Is Johnny Kelley your son?"

"Yes, he is."

"I'm Mr. Blake. I own the Blake garage on First Street. When I heard about Johnny, I came right down. I knew they would set him free as soon as I told them that he was working for me after school at my garage. He worked extra late

the night of the robbery—that's why he arrived home so late.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You mean Johnny was working for you after school?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Blake, "and he's free now."

"Then that explains the one hundred and fifteen dollars I found in Johnny's drawer," Mrs. Kelley went on. "And to think that I didn't trust my own son."

Mrs. Kelley was so happy that to Johnny's surprise she went up and kissed him as soon as he was released.

The Forest School

James Diedering, '48

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Although it may be hard to believe everything in the story, it is one hundred per cent authentic, and even more than that it's really true. If you doubt my word, why not ask any squirrel whether they go to. . .

One day in late smmer while I was walking through the woods thinking how unjust the world was to me (a habit very common to human beings), I heard a rustling to the left of my path and being curious as to its source I began to investigate. After I had fought my way through the sentinels of underbrush, I came upon a surprising sight. There in front of me in a small clearing was a group of squirrels and, if you had a hundred guesses, I bet you couldn't guess what they were doing. They were holding what looked to be a school!

At the front of the clearing was a squirrel visibly older than the others and as far as I could make out, he was the teacher. He was in animal form what we would describe as a professor! He had darker rings than his usual grayhaired pelt around his eyes and these rings seemed to me like glasses. He also had in my imagination many other human characteristics.

For a class he had young squirrels. They were as similar to human beings as the older squirrel was. They were young, energetic, curious, dar-

ing, and most of all had an innocent mischievous way which characterizes a typical grade school class. Their lesson for the day seemed to be: "How to Safely Store Food in the Ground".

While the teacher was burying the nut to show the pupils how, there seemed to be an undertone of squirrel talk. If I could have understood the conversation, it probably would have gone thus:

"Now, pupils, watch my every act in burying this nut because some day soon the correct procedure in burying spare food may mean your life. Notice that I dig a. . . Now there, Johnny Squirrel, pay attention to what I am saying and don't try to be a flirt with the girls. What was I saying? Oh yes! Notice that I dig a hole about four inches deep, place the nut in the hole, and replace the dirt so as to hide the spot and prevent the stealing of my food. Are there any questions? All right then, each one of you find a nut and bury it and I will inspect and correct any errors that you make."

As they spread out to find their nuts, I was discovered. "Look over there!" said one squirrel. "Quick, run," said the teacher; "he is your enemy!" And so it happened school came to an end: for the time being anyway.

Customers Are Queer People

Audrey Ferguson, '46

To the person behind the counter who has time to watch, customers are like the monkeys in the zoo. They don't realize how funny they are because they only see one or two happenings while the clerk sees a great many.

For instance, there is the lady who comes in the middle of a crowd, orders something which takes some time to get together, and stands talking or gazing into space while you get it. Then while ten or twenty people wait impatiently she dumps the entire contents of a monstrous pocketbook on the counter. Failing to find a diminutive change purse, she hunts for the wallet. Failing to find either, she stuffs everything back into her monstrousity and asks if she can charge it.

Then there's her opposite, the little man who comes when no one is about, gives his order with a request for speed, and sits or stands banging away with his money. He then spends the next twenty minutes talking to someone or just wasting time.

Then there are people who always "know" you've got something better behind the counter than what you've given them, and sometimes go on tours of inspection when you're busy, usually turning up with something that has lain dormant for no one knows how long, insisting that it's just what they wanted all the time. I sometimes think that's a good way to get rid of old merchandise.

Then there's the little old man who comes in for the same thing every night at the same time and causes much excitement when he changes his order.

And the other little old man who comes in every night looking for the only brand of cigar you haven't got and stamps out muttering about going somewhere else. We wish he would, but he always comes back.

Now you will immediately say that since the clerk is a customer, he must also annoy others. Admitted, you are right; but it's all a part of the circle of things that can't be helped. And after all we're only human.

The Snowing Months

Marian Philbrick, '47

Regardless of all the disadvantages of winter, the snowing months are the prettiest and happiest months of the season. Winter, it is true, is especially hard for mothers who have Johnnys and Marys to dress in complete costumes of snowsuits, overshoes, caps and scarves, and mittens for their morning play, only to realize that they will have to have a different dry outfit in the afternoon to replace the wet one. But, they have fun. As for me right now, I have only one thing against winter; and that is the fact it is during school so I cannot fully enjoy it.

What fun we have in the snow! Right after a heavy storm when the snow is deep and piled high on bankings it is perfect for tracking. After rounding up the neighborhood gang, we appoint someone to go out and hide; then the rest try to track him down, which seems like rather a dry game, but isn't. Also, lots of fun are toboggan parties, when the snow is packed hard and smooth. In heavily-clothed, red-nosed gangs we tramp up the hill lugging the toboggans behind us. Living near the high school, we usually use that hill which has a sudden dip at the bottom, making the whizzing toboggan come down with a hard, breathtaking jolt. Winter wouldn't be winter without sleighrides, and most people connect one with the other. Sleigh rides are a combination of fun and excitement, as we jump on and off the sleighs, and pelt each other with snowballs.

Snow, besides being fun, gives a serene sense of charm and beauty. On taking a walk after a heavy storm, one comes upon scenic views such as trees so laden with snow that they bow down almost touching the earth, like giant servants bowing to their masters; or trees forming splendid bridges and archways leading into dark and unknown caves. Then one comes upon bushes or stumps completely covered with snow, like ghosts wandering around in search of some unpleasant dream to fulfill, or like clouds just dropped from the sky in odd sizes and shapes—a true fantasy. So you see why the snowing months are my favorite.





THEY SAY

NEWCOMERS

Earl Cramer is the new senior from Amherst who has made many friends during his short time here. What brand of cigars do you smoke?

Natalie Jones, another red-headed senior, comes to us from Suffield, Conn. She only appears to be the silent type.

Ruth Martin, who enters the portals of N.H.S. at 8:14 almost every day, is late only about once a week.

Warren Martin, a Civil Air Patrol enthusiast, came with his sister from Newton. Both are seniors.

Laura Post from Newmarket, N. H., joined the upperclass around the middle of October. It was a great day for the Irish!

Bill Schleicher came to Needham from Dedham and seems to think it one big joke. Bill is a senior.

Lorraine Thomas came to us from Mount Saint Ursula. She is known as "Brooklyn" although she really comes from the Bronx. Quiet, isn't she?

Roger Worrey is that tall senior who can usually be seen with "Big Walt". We're sorry we bored him at first. Maybe we're living up to Taunton.

Sheilah Stewart is a senior from Pawtucket who can be seen flitting through the halls or arguing with Mr. Frost at almost any time of day.

Beverly Benton is the new junior girl who came to us from Valley Stream Central High in New York. Bev started making friends here when she worked at "Naca's" during the summer.

Joe Stanwood comes to the junior class from Bangor, Maine. We hope

to see a great deal of "Joe S." on the basketball floor this winter. The Needham High school girls don't have to bother to go in town to see Frank Sinatra because we have our own—Joe Stanwood

Lawrence Cranton, from Wellesley, is another new sophomore. Who did he root for at the Thanksgiving game? Those in his Spanish class recognize him by his "No sé."

Barbara Hodgdon is a new addition to the friendly sophomore class. Barb is from Waltham, where she was equally popular as she will be in N.H.S.

Carol Jones came to us from Suffield, Connecticut, with her sister, Nat. Carol is a sophomore.

Barbara Pauling is the sophomore with a broad smile and sparkling eyes who came to us from Milton.

Have you seen the cute new sophomore with dark hair? Natch—she is *Orrie Rosado* from Watertown. It seems we've seen her at the Hallowe'en and the football dances. Well, well, Roger.

Doug Satterlee is that smooth looking sophomore who came to us all the way from Oakwood, Ohio, mind you.

Barbara Schnelle hails from the big city of Boston where she went to Girls' Latin. She is a member of our sophomore class.

Margaret Young, a sophomore, comes from Orchard Home School in Boston. Margaret helps carry out the tradition of friendliness of her class.

Jacqueline Clark is a new addition to the lower class. She comes to us from Bellows Falls High School in Vermont.

Jean Biateck is a member of the

sophomore class and can be recognized by her beautiful blonde hair. She hails from Blackstone, Mass., and can be seen hurrying to classes just before the last bell.

Hilary Ollerhead is the cute new member of the junior class with the deep blue eyes and darling clothes. Didn't we see her at the Football Dance with that other Maine character?

* * *

GOSSIP

When Dunc made that super touchdown at the Lexington game, we wondered if Elaine would survive.

* * *

Steve and Joanne — wasn't that radiator hot on Hallowe'en night??

* * *

"Buck" certainly looks intelligent waving his arms around during football games and to think that George Tiffany can figure out what he means.

* * *

R. T. really has teaching talent, Mr. Fisher. Give the boy an A.

* * *

What does it say on the blotter in 307?

* * *

Quite a costume Bunker featured when he made his debut in the first floor corridor one chilly November morn.

* * *

Why did you fight off Norma and Char, Ted? What did you expect for your sixteenth birthday?

* * *

Our prancing drum major acquired a new belt this summer—in New Mexico. Don't miss it.

LIGHTS ON

GLORIA RAMEY—

Gloria Ramey is that peppy blond Junior with the turned-up nose and big blue eyes. She's in Home Room 310. Maybe you heard her sighing about the week-end she spent in Rhode Island, but we believe her interests have changed, maybe to "C". She's been at all the football games doing her part in the cheering. We hear her favorite pastime is barn dances. We certainly are lucky to have such a swell kid as Gloria for a classmate.

* * *

GLORIA TOCCI—

Gloria is that cute little senior with the sparkling brown eyes, shining black hair, and long fingernails. Just how she helps Miss Lewis and the *Advocate* with so much typing and still keeps those nails is a mystery to which even Gloria doesn't know the answer. Gloria is quiet, but yet just to look at her makes you realize that she always has that smile on. She carries her pleasant ways on into sports where she is a valuable player. Just who and what is Danny?

* * *

ALAN GODFREY—

Al finds being an underclass man no disadvantage on the football field. Six feet, 170-odd pounds, he has done an excellent job as a first string linesman this year. He has a smile and cheerful conversation for everyone. Never angry or spiteful, his personality and manner make Al one of the best. With two more years of football ahead and growing like a weed, Al should develop into one of the best linemen N.H.S. will see in a long time. We think he has his eye on centering next year, Coach. How about it, Al?

OLIVER FADER—

Olly Fader is one of the versatile members of the Junior Class. He is gifted in being a good scholar besides being a marvelous football player and track star. Olly has been a homeroom president his two years in N.H.S., and a member of the student council. Olly is the type of boy who really puts himself out to say "Hi" and to help out anyone. In homeroom he can be seen aiding fellow classmates with Geometry and other problems or difficulties that appear in the life of a high school student. Good luck, Olly, you're tops! Eh what, gang?

* * *

TOM NYE—

Who is that tripping quickly down the hall? That's right; it's Tom Nye. Tom is a busy fellow because he is Student Manager of both the football and basketball teams. He has held these positions for three years. Tom can usually be depended on as a member of dance committees, and he really gets things done. Without Tom we hear the sixth period history class would be very dull. Is he the only one who can argue? Tom's friendly attitude has made him a famous member of N.H.S.

* * *

JOE PLUNKETT—

Joe is one of the friendliest fellows in the Sophomore class. He seems to spend all of his after school hours at "Mac's" where his whole gang hangs out; in fact it is quite a mystery how Joe gets good enough marks to be on the honor roll. Joe's loafer jacket is as famous as the wearer and in it Joe can be seen greeting everyone with a broad grin and a "hi".

SALLY GATES

Sally Gates has been willing to use her artistic talents by contributing posters for dances and painting for innumerable other occasions. Sally goes out for all sports and is really a valuable basketball player. She can be seen with her pal "Jo" dashing here and there having a wonderful time, but no matter how funny the joke may be she always has a cheery "hi" for everyone. "Muscles" almost always wears those sharp socks—umm, they are pretty.

* * *

DICK VARA—

"Reek" not only is the rugged left tackle on our football team, but the co-captain of same as well. Seemingly he spends most of his time at sports practice or at Kinne's, but his marks certainly haven't suffered. His car, known as "the egg-beater," receives little of his attention, yet it is in use nearly all of the time. (In case you didn't know, it's the car with the taped windows.) Reek's rather quiet, friendly attitude toward everyone has helped to make him a popular and valuable member of the senior class.

* * *

CLARA BREDÁ—

Clara Breda is that pert little dark-haired Sophomore you've seen flitting through the corridors usually with Rem or one of her many other friends. You probably remember her as one of the cheerleaders in Junior High. We hear she is as talented as her other beautiful sisters whom we certainly remember in past years. She goes out for hockey and probably is pretty good in basketball, too. We certainly envy those beautiful, big brown eyes, which we have seen her rolling around plenty.



Gloria



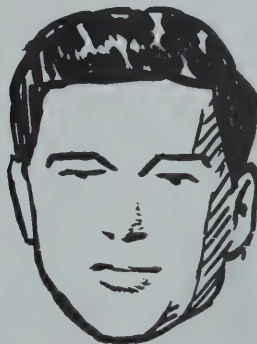
Olie



Sally



Gloria



Tom



Reek



Alan



Joe



Clara

ENOUGH SAID

Miss Lewis—Kitten on the keys.

Mrs. Merrill—A swell person and lots of fun.

Miss Guthrie—N.H.S.'s lawyer.

Mr. Benton—Our own Atomic Energy.

Miss Harrington—Can she do Geom. in French?

Miss MacKenzie—Tall, dark, and easy on the eyes.

Mr. Small—Every one could take a lesson from him on controlling tempers.

Miss Cowdrey—A true friend!

Miss Dodge—She'll make American poets of N.H.S. students yet!

Miss Durgin—She worries over the financial problems of the *Advocate*.

Miss Gates—Wee woman with unlimited knowledge.

Miss Steele—She gets them ready for Miss Dodge.

Miss Fessenden—The alumni always appear in 202 first.

Miss Kenney—Always glad to lift your character but not your face.

Miss Sawyer—The lady with a smile for everyone.

Mr. Pelletier — Now you see it; now you don't. Glad to see you!

Miss Carroll—She'll make ladies out of her girls yet.

Mr. Beck—Boom-Boom is loved by all. Nice work with the football team!

Mr. Fisher—He has helped create a genius—who may some day be another Chopin. Good work.

Miss Currie—From her we learn a language that's ancient, and one that's modern.

Mr. Frost—After *pundering* we have decided that his *hum rum* must begin to commence to start to buy war *bunds*.

Miss Churchill — "Pipe down, gang."

Mr. Pollard—"The Face in the Window."

Mrs. Slaney—She's making a fortune for the school by being short of pennies.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED?

Betty Heuer's pearly white teeth?

Ann Condryn, Margaret Praetsch, Eleanor Picarello, Jane Ward, and Margie Habel all wearing identical plaid dresses?

Miss Cowdrey's pleasant smile as she saunters down the hall?

Betty Bauer's dimples?

Reek Vara's football kick?

Anne Pinkham's football?

The Thirteen Club's beach parties?

The second period lunch rush?

Mr. Pelletier's beautiful brown eyes?

Nan Tennent's Scotch kilt?

Jean Donald's third finger left hand—bare?

Jig Hersey's and Betty Heuer's resemblance?

Lee Gaffney's signet ring?

The far-away look in Dawn Glynn's eyes?

Charlie Sherman's *s t r a n g e l y* blonde hair?

Paul Martin's reindeer sweater?

The occupants of a certain "Egg-beater" every morn?

A certain red-headed senior girl with a sparkle in her eyes?

The maroon sweaters on Smitty, Doug Watt and Joe Wallace?

R. T.'s tiny strides?

Lizzie Hebb's red hairs?

Miggie Cameron's bangs?

Terry's bell-bottom trousers?

Miss Gates' flowers?

Dick Alspach's vocabulary?

Herb Nerhling's tooth?

Walter Millette's interest in football?

Tom Brady's hairdo, Frankie Stahl's voice?

Hugh March and Charlie McDonald acting properly?

Mary Mercuri's feathers?

Jane Kearney and Margie Habel telling jokes?

Parker and Pinky's friendly attitude toward the teachers?

The engraving on Reek's car?

Ginny Kunz and Betty Bauer's "A's" in English?

The Thirteen Club's initiation?
The mass production of "D's" in Law?

Well, did ya?

* * *

MORE GOSSIP

What certain cheerleader has a very attractive midriff?

* * *

What three senior couples sure had a *hot* time one Friday night?

* * *

Would some of the people in the Senior and Junior classes please explain the phrase, "You Old Sweetheart, John," to the unacknowledged sophomores?

* * *

That's a cute little theme song which Smitty made up.

* * *

Why does Jig get hilarious when he hears a certain uncultured way of speaking? Could it ring a familiar note of some of those lonely Saturday nights when the "fellahs" took a jaunt in town?

* * *

The little dramatic group were coming along fine until they got muscular and let down the asbestos curtain permanently. Good work!

* * *

Some one asked me the other day why the girls in the high school had black and blues and toughened muscles. My reply was, "Oh the boys give us a cheery good morning every morning." Fellahs, why don't you carry around a punching bag instead of booping the girls? (No offence, girls.)

* * *

What is it over in Ashland that attracts the "younger set" of Needham High School boys to spend spare Saturday evenings over there? (Apologies, Mr. Crostie.)

* * *

What do you feed the rabbit, Terry?

* * *

Gloria, is it your driving or Pauline's car?



SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Coach Ben Beck opened Needham's 1945 football season with only five returning lettermen and very little experience among those that succeeded in winning starting berths. Mr. Beck was ably assisted by Mr. Joe De Pasqua, a former Brockton all-sports standout. Later he attended Amherst College and continued as an excellent athlete. He came to Needham as a teacher in the Junior High School and assistant coach to Mr. Beck. From the start he was well liked among the players, who have much to thank him for because of his remarkable ability to scout other teams. The response of the candidates under these competent coaches was considerably better than in past years.

NEEDHAM 12 NORWOOD 6

Needham opened the season by revealing a strong running attack against a team which the locals had previously beaten only once in thirty years. Needham climaxed a sustained drive of fifty yards early in the first period with Orciani going over from ten yards out around right end. Then Norwood came back in the second period with a dazzling series of trick plays after which Breen went over for a touchdown from the two. Early in the final quarter Norwood started another threat which was stopped on the Needham seventeen. From there the home team marched exclusively with ground plays to end the scoring on a line buck by Fullback Hersey from the one yard line.

NEEDHAM 8 STOUGHTON 6

On a very humid Saturday Needham traveled to Stoughton for their second victory of the season. Stoughton drew first blood by several excellent forward pass plays to give the locals a big scare. Kimptis finally went over on a twenty yard lateral completion for the score. The Blue and White tied it up in the second session on a long forward pass from Orciani to Anderson, who had eluded all the Stoughton secondary. In the last period Needham advanced the ball sixty yards to the Stoughton one foot line where they were held for downs. Stoughton lost the game on the next play when Kimptis stepped out of the end-zone for a safety while attempting a forward pass. The remainder of the game was played in a driving downpour that stalled Stoughton's powerful passing attack which had caught Needham unaware frequently throughout the game.

NEEDHAM 13 CONCORD 0

Needham again showed great possibilities by shutting out Concord for its third straight win. The first period brought success to the home forces when Hersey bucked across for an early score. In the second half Needham set sail again with Orciani and Hersey gaining constantly. After reaching the fifteen yard stripe, Orciani sped off tackle for the final touchdown. The point after was successfully place-kicked by Vara. Needham's defense was very impressive, and Concord's only substantial gain was a triple lateral which completely baffled the home eleven.

DEDHAM 7 NEEDHAM 0

Needham suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of Dedham in a heavy rainstorm at Stone Park. Needham failed to display the spirit and precise co-ordination revealed in previous games. Needham's only threat was late in the first half when time ran out with the ball on Dedham's six-yard stripe. In the final half Dedham managed to complete several passes which brought the ball to Needham's three where Keany plunged over. Keany also converted the extra point. During that half Needham seemed always on the defensive and only got possession of the ball deep in their own territory. Penalties also were constantly nullifying much of the big yardage gained by the ever-trying Blue and White.

NATICK 25 NEEDHAM 6

On a beautiful, fall afternoon Needham was defeated by a strong Natick eleven. Natick started its offense rolling in the first quarter with several long passes, climaxed with a five yard plunge by Franciose for the score. The second period produced two more touchdowns for the visitors with a pass to Garvin and an end run by Sticka. The home team showed marked improvement during the second half as it changed its defense and started to open up the much lacking holes. However, this defense weakened long enough to allow Garvin to snag another pass for their final touchdown. The Needhamites finally found themselves and completed a sustained gain of seventy yards with Thomas going off tackle from the eight for the score.

WALPOLE 8 NEEDHAM 7

Needham High failed to awaken until after the first period when Walpole profited by the local team's miscues. The home team held Walpole on the two yard line until downs ran out, but on the first play from punt formation the ball sailed out of the end zone for an automatic safety. Vara kicked off from the twenty, but the fleet-footed Turco returned the ball sixty yards for a touchdown. At this point Needham finally came to life, but was unable to cross the goal line until the final period, when Fader, playing heads-up ball, stole it from Songin in the end-zone. Vara kicked the extra point, but Needham failed to score again in the remaining minutes of play.

NEEDHAM 14 PUNCHARD 7

By playing one of the best games of the season, Needham managed to nose out a stubborn Punchard eleven. The Blue and White again did not start fighting until the second half, when they were behind seven to nothing as the result of a Yancy-to-Demers pass. Fader gave the Andover fans a scare in the first quarter by racing to midfield with a fumble only to be caught from behind by the speedy Yancy. Thomas scored first on a short aerial from Orciani, and Vara booted the first of two perfect conversions. The second score came late in the final period when Orciani plunged off tackle for the clincher.

LEXINGTON 22 NEEDHAM 7

The Blue and White was unable to combat a strong and spirited Lexington team that revealed a unique running attack. Lexington drew first blood late in the first period when Vaughan plunged over from the three yard stripe. A few minutes later Hersey was tackled in the end zone, and Lexington was ahead eight to nothing. The locals came back in the second period when Hersey passed to Anderson who scored standing after a beautiful block by Fader had given him a clear field. Vara then kicked his

fourth straight conversion. The third period was fought to a stand still, but in the fourth quarter Lexington produced two more scores to clinch the verdict for the visiting team.

THANKSGIVING CLASSIC

WELLESLEY 13 NEEDHAM 0

The 50th anniversary of the annual Needham-Wellesley football classic was played on Hunnewell Field, Wellesley, in a sea of mud, with the sun shining brightly overhead. Both schools were represented by colorful bands and cheerleaders which performed before the game and during the half to a record 5,000 fans.

The home team won the toss and elected to receive. Vara kicked off, and Wellesley moved the ball to the Needham 30 before losing it on downs. Then a Needham drive carried the pigskin to the Wellesley 20, only to lose the ball on a fumble. All of the scoring was done in the second period. Wellesley climaxed on an 80-yard drive when Decker plunged over from the four. The placement kick for the extra point was blocked by Hersey. The Blue and White came right back, only this time via air route with completions to Fader and Payson. Needham lost the ball when a flat pass from Payson to Thomas was intercepted by Potts, who ran 70 yards for a score, unmolested. Wellesley this time completed a pass for the extra point. During the second half neither team was able to score, and Wellesley failed to penetrate inside Needham's 10 yard line. The Red and Black set the locals back several times with punts, especially a beautiful 84 yard quick-kick that died on the Needham 5.

Seniors playing their last game for Needham High were Co-captains Hersey and Vara, Anderson, Coughlan, Crossman, Harney, Lanigan, Millette, Payson and Stockel.

FOOTBALL LETTERMEN

Henry Hersey (Co-Capt.)
Richard Vara (Co-Capt.)
Duncan Anderson
Robert Brunton
Arthur Coughlan
Thomas Crossman
Oliver Fader
Alan Godfrey
Albert Lanigan
Walter Millette
Elmo Orciani
Robert Orr
Willard Payson
Charles Sherman
Robert Stockel
Richard Thomas
Thomas Nye (Mgr.)

* * *

BASKETBALL PREVIEW

The prospects of the basketball team will undoubtedly depend on Mr. Beck's being able to mold a team around a Maine boy, Joe Stanwood, new in the school last fall. The only remaining regular from last year's regime is Chuck Jacobson; but members of the second team, Breda, Coughlan, Moulton and Nehrling can be relied upon to fill those vacancies made by graduation. Also Coach Beck has several other promising prospects, both in upperclassmen and in the Sophomores.

* * *

HOCKEY PREVIEW

The prospects of the coming season look promising because of seven returning lettermen, three of whom were on the '43 championship team. The able coaching of Mr. Pelletier, who was at one time doubtful of staying on the teaching staff, is now an even better assurance of a successful season. Players that will probably spark the team are Wallace, Roman, Sabroski, and Hersey. With the prospects of a new rink, conveniently located, the skating conditions should be improved, benefiting the team greatly.

GIRLS' SPORTS

WELLESLEY

The hockey squad started the season with a good game with Wellesley. Needham played a fast moving game, but was defeated 1-0. The team tried hard to overcome that one and only goal of Wellesley's, but couldn't seem to get the ball in. The second team is not to be forgotten. They were the victors with a score of 2-1. The two goals were made by Dot Haffey.

WALPOLE

Because of transportation difficulties the hockey squad has not played Walpole for a few years. Both Needham teams played a hard game, but Walpole, it seems, was able to run up the score, overcoming the first team 3-0, and the second team 4-0. The superior playing by Ann Johnson and Alice Martin in the back field kept the spirit of the team up, but the girls lacked the push.

WATERTOWN

The squad tramped to Watertown for the third game of the season. Needham didn't get off to a good start and let 2 goals slip in during the first half. In the last half the girls got on their feet and made a goal. They couldn't seem to get another in before time ran out. The final score was 2-1 in favor of Watertown. The team did well limiting Watertown's goals to 2.

BROOKLINE

Brookline came to Needham for our first game at home this season. Needham's first team overpowered Brookline 4-1. The girls played a wonderful game. The team moving as smoothly as a machine, threatened constantly to score. Brookline put up a good defense. The team seemed to play extra well this game. Maybe playing on our own hockey field helps. The second team won also with a score of 2-1.

NEWTON

Newton came to Needham this year to defeat our team 1-0. The team fought a hard game and was constantly near Newton's goal, but failed to get the ball in. Newton managed to slip one in, in the first half. Needham proved they could play as well as Newton, but could not connect enough to make a goal.

The second team game was similar. Their score was identical to the first team's, 1-0 in favor of Newton.

WELLESLEY

Wellesley's return game to Needham found the team ready and waiting for a good game. The enemy scored once in the first half and threatened many more times, but Needham proved strong on the defense. Near the end of the last half Dotty Haffey made a goal. That made the tie score 1-1.

The second team played a good game, but couldn't seem to get that ball in the goal. They lost to Wellesley, 3-0.

TUMBLING

Did you ever dream of turning flips, cartwheels, or somersaults? Well, now you have a chance to make that dream come true! Join the new tumblers' jamboree that is held on Wednesday afternoons after school. It is loads of fun, and you can get some of those muscles loosened up.

* * *

MODERN DANCING

Has anyone ever noticed the beat of a tom-tom during organization periods on Friday? It has a definite beat, and if you listen hard enough, you can also hear feet lightly springing across the floor as the girls practice their modern dancing. This activity was started last year, and because it was such a success it was continued this year. We hope some of this talent will soon be displayed. How about it?

LEADERS' CLUB

We started the ball rolling in Leaders' Club this year by voting Nan Tennent the head of our group. Under her are four squad leaders, Nancy Ardiffe, Jean McIntosh, Gloria Ramey and Dorothy Haffey, who helped plan the year's program and who formed teams from the group. During these Monday Organization periods we are learning to teach games, relays, and how to lead a gym class. With such a capable leader as Nan and with the aid of Miss Carroll we will certainly have a good year!

* * *

SO WE HEAR

Why are "Till the End of Time" and "Sentimental Journey" sung more than any other songs on the way to the out-of-town games? Ask Nan and Alice.

Maybe some day the hockey team will get real bullets for those guns.

We sure would have been lost this year without those swell sophomore goalies Nancy Bell and Ann Woodcock.

Better watch out, gang, Dale's got her license.

FIRST TEAM LETTERS

N. Ardiffe
D. Barraclough
B. Benton
N. Bell
N. Gay
S. Gates
D. Haffey
E. Hall
E. Hasenfus
E. Johnson
A. Johnson
V. McClellan
A. Martin
L. Pippo
N. Tennent — Capt.
G. Tocci
A. Woodcock





ALUMNI

We have written to a number of our alumni asking them to tell us about their activities for this year, and we sincerely appreciate their cooperation in responding to our request. From each letter we print a paragraph that we feel will be of interest to you.

* * *

Jimmy Gracey, who was one of the few accepted into the United States Coast Guard Academy, tells us about the life of a "Swab".

"Hi Gang. How are you? It just doesn't seem possible that it's already time to be putting out the Christmas Issue of the "eyes and ears of N.H.S." In fact, it seems like just yesterday that I was pestering Mrs. Slaney for late slips, or griping, good-naturedly *of course*, about the tremendous assignments, or complaining about not having time to do all there was to do. Believe me, I hadn't seen anything. Down here at the Academy we *don't* have time, and that's all. I'll just give you a sample of what you'd get if you lived the life of a "Swab". Ah, yes, a Swab is God's gift to the upperclassmen. You see, if and when, anytime of day or night an upper-classman yells "Swabo" each and every fourth classman within the sound of his voice must run madly and brace up until the source of all the disturbance decides which of us is to carry out his detail. Now you know what a "Swab" is—happy?"

* * *

Martha Worth, the pride and joy of last year's senior class, tells us a little bit about Colby Junior College in New London, New Hampshire.

"I never thought the day would come when I would be writing a letter to the *Advocate* instead of running around collecting ads! By the way, how is the business board making out this year? As for Colby, it is really a wonderful place. You probably know that it is way up here in the country, and we have had our first snowfall already. Nothing like a head start on winter sports! There are a lot of traditions here at Colby that make you love it. There are wonderful songs and special get-togethers for big and little sisters. I miss the High School lots, though, and I'll be up to see you during Christmas vacation."

* * *

Barbara Smart, who is attending Emerson College in Boston, tells us about her courses.

"I am working for my B.L.I. degree, majoring in radio. The course is fascinating, and the professors and teachers are really unique. I am taking speech, vocal and microphone techniques, drama, English, and social sciences. To say which of these subjects I enjoy most would be difficult, for they are all presented in such an interesting manner. Our theater workshop, where all our dramatization are presented, is a typical little theater, with everything the big theaters use in the production of a play."

* * *

Pat Tonis tells us of her new life at Cazenovia Junior college at Cazenovia, New York.

"My days here are full of classes, studies, and extra curricular activi-

ties, which include Dramatic club, Art club, Press Board and Athletic Association, along with activities out side of school such as riding, sailing, plays, and concerts. At first it did seem strange. It was as though one minute we were at home with the familiar scenes and families around us, and the next minute we were in some strange school with many strange people. We were introduced to an enormous pile of books which we were told we must study, a blue and gold frosh cap to be worn constantly, and in three weeks, the freshman initiation, all three of which we became more than accustomed to."

* * *

Eddie Vara, who is a member of the Army Air forces, tells about his training.

"After taking my basic training at Keesler Field, Mississippi, I was shipped to Scott Field, Illinois for radio training. As the code didn't come too easy for me, I fell short and was sent back to Keesler Field for Aviation mechanic training. I was there for about four months when a shipment came for Plattsburg, New York. The shipment called for fifty men and I was one of them. We were to be a permanent party, but didn't quite know what we were getting into. When we got up here, we were classified as K. P.'s. The hours we work are from 6:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., with no breaks in between. We are allowed a three day pass twice a month, and a two day pass once or twice a month. From here there is no telling, but just a lot of good guessing."

From Alice Stevenson's letter, we have chosen a paragraph of particular interest about the Skidmore honor system.

"Skidmore is noted for its spirit of friendliness and its Honor System. The former was evident from the day I arrived. The upper classmen were so friendly and helpful. They just took the "pea-green freshmen" under their wing. The Honor System will never cease to amaze me. We had all read about it, but it seemed to be rather incredible. We are on our honor in academics as well as in social life. None of our examinations are proctored. The professors give out the exam paper and leave the room saying, "When you finish, put your papers on my desk and leave." No matter how many girls are in the room, not one of them would ever think of cheating. It was hard to comprehend at first; but now it is a part of us, and we are proud of it."

* * *

Richard Smith, class of 1945, is now studying at Dean Academy.

* * *

Lindsay Russell, who has just been inducted into the United States Army, gives us some sound advice.

"Well, the local board of citizens and neighbors, comprising selective service, has reached out for me, so I'm in: My only advice on the Army (I'm now a veteran of three days, you know) is not to volunteer for anything. I was invited to a G.I. barracks party the other night, expecting girls and ice cream or something. Instead, I found mops, buckets, and soap. The only connection with food was that the sergeant wanted the floor made clean enough to eat off of. One word to the fellows. If you find yourself in my position, you face military service, but not for some months after graduation. I suggest strongly that you go to college, even if it's only for one term. One other thing: don't be afraid to get into the Army. Remember that our Army is the greatest fighting organization in the country, both in numbers and in importance."

We received a joint letter from Bob Goldsberry and Bob Wilson about their Navy life. We found the letter so interesting and amusing that we thought you would like to see the whole of it. Here it is—the masterpiece from those "swab-jockeys second class," stationed at Newport, Rhode Island.



Dear Advocate Readers,

We, the undersigned, have been asked by the Alumni Board to write a letter concerning our work in the Navy and what we think of our military life. Leave us not invite courtmartial by having our opinions of said organization published! However, we shall attempt to give you a picture of our duties here at Newport while waiting to be assigned to a ship.

Although Willie has had a variety of jobs since boots, I have been specializing in only one type. I have been working in the mess hall as a mess cook. Being only a swab-jockey, second class, I usually get the dirtiest jobs in the mess hall. That's right; I've been scrubbing pots and pans since I broke boots. If, by chance, I am put on the steam table (which is one of the easiest jobs in the mess hall), my good fortune doesn't usually last long because there's always some M.A.A. who doesn't see eye to eye with me about how much work I should be made to do. This practice of disagreeing with an M.A.A. usually leads me back to the deep sink,

where the pots and pans are scrubbed. Perhaps I should tell what an M.A.A. is. Well, he's a seaman first who talks like an admiral and does less work than ten petty officers put together.

One of the greatest disadvantages of my job is it's so futile. The mess gear only gets dirtied again right after we clean it. If the men wouldn't be so piggish and would come to chow only once a day instead of three times a day, life wouldn't be too bad here in Barracks B.

Well, I'll sign off now and let Willie carry on from here.

As you know, Goldy and I have survived the perilous battles of Sampson and Newport together. All during boot, we did practically the same thing; but since we've been here at Newport, while he has been in the mess hall, most of the time I've had all sorts of jobs. First I was a compartment cleaner, which meant sweeping and swabbing the decks of a barracks all day. Then for two weeks I had jobs from being an electrician and screwing in light bulbs to being a carpenter and pulling nails from two by fours. Now I'm in temporary ships company as a maintenance man, which is supposed to be a big deal. We are lucky enough to have the jobs of painting barracks, mowing lawns, fixing fences, and other such types of work.

Since I've been in the Navy, I learned the three big Navy rules: —if it walks, salute it; if it doesn't walk, pick it up; and if you can't pick it up, paint it!

So long, you lucky civilians you,

Willie (capt. of the paint brushes)

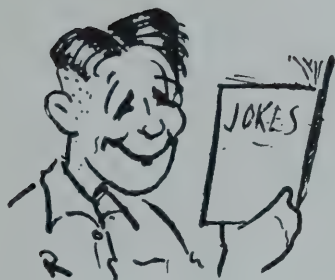
Goldy (capt. of the deep sink)

* * *

Phyllis Kennedy, class of 1945, is at Mount Holyoke College and is doing very well.

* * *

Priscilla Wilkinson, another member of the class of 1945, finds Cazanovia Junior College very enjoyable.



H U M O R

FEMALES . . .

By Anne Pinkham, '46

The thing that will linger in my memory longest about Needham High is the ladies' room, located on the lowest floor. This is more fittingly known and called the first floor basement. Into the portals of this room enter many beauties, and many who think themselves beauties. Five days a week, and six hours a day, the popularity of the first floor basement is very apparent. At one time during each day it is especially obvious that the aim of practically every girl in Needham High is this one dear spot.

You enter the school building at 8:12 and dash madly to your locker, throwing your coat wildly in one direction and your books in another. You probably leave your kerchief on because you're afraid of scaring your classmates to death. As you enter the door you hold your breath and pray at the same time that some well meaning pal won't energetically crack you on the back. You receive all kinds of cheerful greetings, and otherwise, as you make your debut. If you ate your Wheaties for breakfast you might manage to answer said greetings.

The funniest sight of all comes when all the girls who can possibly squeeze through the door are all trying to make themselves presentable at the same time. Each thinks she has the right of way, regardless of size or position in life. If seniors only congregated, that would be one thing but juniors and sophomores are also attracted to this

huddle. I'll never know why! Every girl tries to tell her best friend or friends of the trials and tribulations or joys of the night before. As well mannered as most Needham High girls are they definitely do not talk softly, or one at a time. One or two poor little souls can usually be seen trying to conjugate a French verb or attempting to memorize the Preamble of the Constitution. It is really remarkable what some people will attempt. While each one looks out for her own interest, solely, she usually manages to step on someone else or at least knock a few notebooks in the waste basket. One morning I saw a little girl get her head stuck in the basket. Poor child, she was only trying to excavate the latest edition of the *American Observer*.

The climax of this thrilling scene occurs when Miss Currie, in a meek little voice (she usually has some assistance though) calls the time. She can usually be depended on to arrive at 8:14 — just in time. In less than a split second the place is practically clear. Pardon me, please? Betty Bauer is still wildly yanking and pulling bobby pins from her blonde curls. As hectic as this early morning ritual may sound it is really invigorating. After your escape you feel that whatever the day has in store you can take it!

* * *

A bit of foolosophy—

The reason a dog has so many friends is that his tail wags instead of his tongue.

—Camp Lejeune Globe

MORAL (with footnotes)

By Arthur Coughlan

Some moderns think it quite antique when hearing tales like this, About the very lonely girl, "Sixteen and never been kissed."*

But mother and I, we do believe, that you can still have fun, On a family outing in the park, with your one and only one.**

So to all you steady daters, you ought to remember one thing. Dad probably gave Mom her very first kiss, When he slipped on her finger, the ring.***

*—Them days is gone forever!

**—Ouch! Don't twist my arm!

Ma!

***—The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of the author!

* * *

THE CURSE OF KNOWLEDGE

Genevieve Goepfert, '47

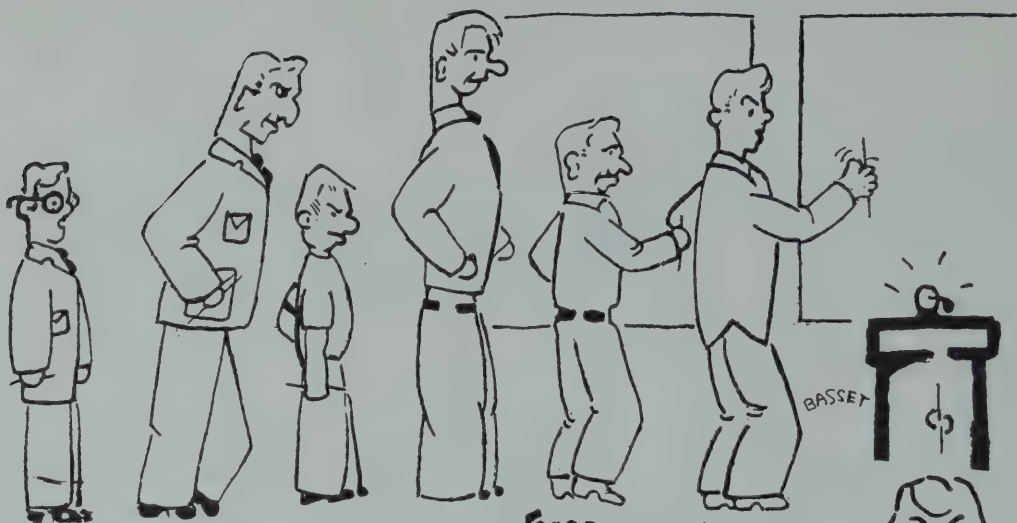
I study and learn of math and such, As each day passes I learn so much. The forces which make an engine run, And the paramcium I thought such fun.

But when I look at life this way, Knowing a statue is made but of clay.

(With x-ray eyes and furrowed brow)

And why a ship has a pointed prow. What beauty is left in Sinatra's lyrics,

Knowing the sound comes from his pharynx?

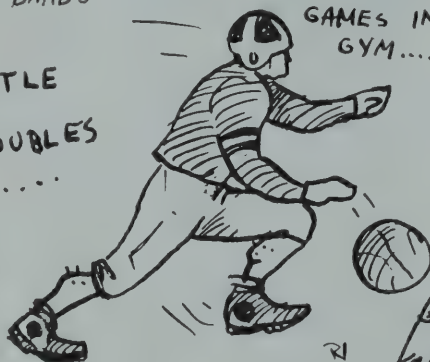


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S.G.

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STRUGGLE AT THE MIRROR AFTER GYM....



R

MY LIFE

By Terry McGuire

No matter how hard my mother and father try to convince you otherwise, I was born. They maintain that I was launched and when I look in the full-length mirror I'm inclined to agree with them. I am slowly taking on the proportions of a battleship. When I was born (or launched) as the case may be, I weighed seven pounds, two ounces. Today I weigh exactly one hundred sixty-three pounds and fourteen ounces more. All this in only seventeen years! Not bad for a newcomer at life, eh?

They named me Xavier McGuire, but I didn't care much one way or the other. Then I grew up and I didn't care one way — it was the other. So I changed it. The first time my father saw me he looked down and said—"I had hoped it would be a boy." It was my mother who discovered my stomach! Till then, no one had mentioned it, thinking it would go away. Mother stared at it for a while and then said, "Call the doctor; they've taken the baby and left the stork!" At an early age I left Ireland and sailed for America. When our boat sailed into New York harbor, we yelled so loud you couldn't hear the pigs. Then an amazing thing happened. The Statue of Liberty thumbed its nose at me. We settled in Boston — a great city in spite of this.

I was really a beautiful baby. My parents had me kidnapped once or twice a month just to see my pictures in the paper — they told me. I had long curls. They came in handy to polish cars with. One day when I was ten my father said—"Go up stairs and shave—you start kindergarten tomorrow." All the schools in Hyde Park drew lots, and St. Catherine's lost. I went there. It was very monotonous standing in the corner looking at my teacher's back all day. I met my first girl at school. I asked her to go to the corner drugstore for a soda. I knew it was love. She sipped

slowly. We were going to get married, but her folks stopped us. They showed us that I was ten and she only nine. We agreed to wait a year. Then my brother got married and they moved in with us. The house was so crowded I didn't see my mother for two years. In the eighth grade they taught me that there were 16 ozs. to a pound and that 50c from a dollar left 50c. Then I went to work in a grocery store and I had to learn arithmetic all over again. From then on it has been an uneventful life. I've got a new theory. I think I grew on a bush.

* * *

HUMOR . . . BORROWED

Overheard during a blackout (long, long ago, long ago.)

"Josie, why are your kisses so much better tonight? Because of the blackout?"

"No, because my name is Nancy."

* * *

Definition: A Conservative is one who bets on the rabbit at the dog races.

* * *

A woman went to buy a drinking trough for her dog. The shopkeeper asked if she would like one with the inscription, "For the Dog."

"It really isn't necessary," she replied without any hesitation. "My husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read."

* * *

It must be true that carrots aid the eyesight. When you stop to think of it, did you ever see a rabbit wearing glasses?

* * *

A short "quickey."

Early to bed,

And early to rise,

And you'll never see red

In the whites of your eyes.

—Manchester Beacon via Esquire

* * *

PFC: "Every time I want to marry a girl for love, I find she has no money."

—Signal Corps Message

* * *

"I love you—ouch!"

"I love you—ouch!"

And there you have the story of two porcupines necking.

—Esquire

* * *

This one's a lulu:

He: "I wonder why women pay more attention to beauty than to brains?"

She: "Probably because no matter how stupid a man is, he's seldom blind."

—Esquire (again)

HUMOR . . . LOCAL

Mr. Fisher's Music Appreciation class certainly did appreciate his one man demonstration of an "Oklahoma Hello". Say, Mr. Fisher did you really enjoy *Oklahoma*?

* * *

Some of the Senior boys have the most wonderful sense of humor. It seems one rainy afternoon that Reek Vara parked his car in the usual place. He was quite surprised when he came out to find said car rolling merrily down the hill to spite the efforts of two of our rugged Senior girls to keep it back.

* * *

Miss Durgin—What is one of the characteristics of modern society, Cramer?

Earl—Well—one is coöperation, but in my opinion without coöperation the human race wouldn't even exist.

* * *

Mr. Frost—What factors influenced the fundamentals of the Constitution, Angelo?

Chick Tucceri—I don't exactly know. I didn't do my homework last night, but I think the Law of Gravity was one. (Very helpful friends you have, Chick.)

* * *

Some of the cast of the Senior Play seem to enjoy practicing *certain* scenes in the script. Was John Buckley's face red one afternoon when Sheila Stewart showed him how brave she really was?



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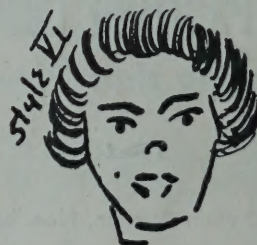
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